

STELLA MERIDIANA
CAROLI Secundi Regis, &c.

V E R S E S

Written 31 years since, upon the Birth
and Noon-day Star of CHARLES, born
Prince of Great Brittain, the 29. of
May 1630.

Our now Miraculously Restored, and Glo-
riously Crowned, CHARLES the Second
of Great Britain, France and Ireland
KING, &c.

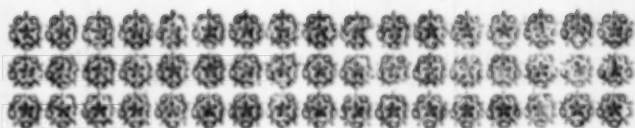
By severall Persons of Honour.



Chard

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. Bassett in S. Dunstons Church
yard in Fleetstreet. 1661.





*Upon the 29. of May 1630. being our
Gracious King CHARLES the
Second his happy Birth-Day, being
a Feria, and no Commemoration of any
Saint for that Day.*

THe Holy Ghost, which guides the Church her Way,
Admits no Saint an Office on this Day.
But by Divine fore-sight reserv'd this room
To be supply'd by one that was to come ;
Which is fulfil'd, for now the thankful Earth
Shall keep it holy for this Prince his Birth.

By the Lord Windsor.

HE that observ'd this Dayes Nativity ,
Had sure the Spirit in't of Prophecy,
Divining above thirty years before,
It should be kept for Holy evermore.
And now by Parliament confirm'd appears
A Holy Office for this Day all years.
What in this Calender before was blank
Shall bear a Rubrick from hencefore to thank

Almighty God, honour our KING, and pray,
 In His blest Reign to Centuple this Day :
 A Day whose Blessings none too high can sing;
 That brought us first our Prince, and next our King ;
 And with him came to three torn Kingdoms Peace,
 Whose Name and presence did our Woes Release :
 For which *Te Deum*, and all praise be given ;
 Let Hymns and Anthems eccho up to Heaven.

James Parry.



KING CHARLES the First (of ever blessed Memory) went to *S. Pauls Church* the 30. day of *May* 1630. to offer there, and to give praise and thanks to God for the Birth of his Son, our now most Gracious King *Charles* the Second, (born the 20. of the same *May*) attended with all his Peers, and a most Royal Train, where a bright Star appeared at High Noon in the presence and sight of all.

Sir William Jones sitting in the same seat with Serjeant *Hoskins*, and both of them beholding the Star with admiration ; *Sir William Jones*, said *Judge Hoskins*, (who was a very learned and ingenuous Poet) Brother, here is a fair Subject for you to write something upon. Who then composed these Verses following ; which were presented to the Kings Majesty the same day at Dinner.

Dum

Dum Rex Paulinas accessit gratus ad Aras,
Emicuit medio, lucida stella Die.
Dic mihi Divinus tractans *Ænigmata* preco,
Hac nobis hodie, Quid sibi stella velit?
Magnus in Occiduo, Princeps modo nascitur Orbe
Crasque sub * *Eclipsin* Regna Orientis erint.

*An Eclipse of the Sun next day.

Jo. Hoskins Servi.
ad Legem.

Englified.

Whilst to the Altar of Saint Paul the KING
Approached with a gratefull Offering,
A Star at Noon appear'd; tell me Divine,
That prescheſt Riddles, why it then did shine?
I' th' Western World a * *Great Prince* newly born;
And th' East to morrow in Eclipse shall mourn.

* *Magnus Princeps*, here he was
stilea *Great* at his Birth.

Some

Pray Heaven th' Eclipse that doth attend,
No future troubles may portend.
Clouds cause dark dayes. Eclipses fears,
When past the Sun more bright appears.
But gracious CHARLES (best King on earth)
Here gives God praise for his Sons birth,
Who sends his Star at Noon to shine,
And pose the riddling Divine.
The Sun's height then makes me presage,
This Prince at his *Meridian Age*
Shall shine in Glory most renown'd,
And in his perfect Age be Crown'd
Great Brittain's King, and all restore
That Church, Peers, Gentry lost before.
B'ing * first born Prince of *Brittain* since
The blest *Cadwallader* went hence.
And this the Nation to advance,
Be second *Charlemain* of *France*.

* *Haftenus Anglorum nulli* was the *Motto* on the *Medals*, made in memory of Prince CHARLES his Birth-day the 29. of May 1630. upon them, &c.

And since *Cadwallader*, the last King of the *Britains*, none born Prince of *Great Britain*, but only this our now most great and gracious King CHARLES the Second, whom God blesse and preserve with long and most happy Reign. *Amen*.

Somewhat

*Somewhat more on the Text and Eclipse
observed.*

THE Eclipse follow'd the Birth too near, wherefore
Some wish'd it had been thirty years before,
That the *Saturnian* malevolence
Might have been wafed, and quite vanish hence.

The Text was *Sampson's* Riddle intricate,
And puzzled with his Audience too great State,
In Scruples of his Text the man was maz'd,
And with the presence daunted as he gaz'd.
The King commanding no new Text should be,
Nor other preach that day but only He
Appointed was before, and be content
At that time with the Pulpits Accident.

The bulinets fraught with much dark mystery
Of a dead Lion, a strange History, *Samson's*
In which a Commonwealth of Bees did build, *Riddle.*
Their waxed Garison with Honey fill'd,
Suck'd from the flow'ry Meads, and seem'd to thrive,
Having that Princely Carkas for their Hive,
And arm'd with stings Levellers seem'd to be
Their Houses equal, all of like degree.
But had not there their Parliament enjoy'd,
Had not *Miscbaur* the Lion King destroy'd.
But were at last discover'd in full season,
And lost their lives, and all they got for Treason.

J. P.

There

There was a Lawndress had imbezzled a Jewel (that had been Queen *Annes*,) and had got it altered, and sold it to our Queen. The late King *Charles* of blessed memory (who had an excellent judgement in all things) knew the precious Stone. The Woman was dismissed; and in further fear of danger, she got this Petition put into our then Prince *Charles* his hand, being an Infant before he could speak.

Read Royal Father, mighty King,
 What my little hand doth bring.
 I, whose happy birth imparts
 Joy to all true Subjects hearts,
 Though an Infant, do not break
 Natures Laws, if now I speak
 By this Interpreter, for one
 Whose face doth blush and heart doth groan
 For her acknowledged offence,
 Who only found my Innocence
 To gain her Mercy; she is bold,
 O may it some proportion hold,
 If to the Father she doth run
 By mediation of the Son.
 To whom a *Star* God also gave
 In token I was born to save.
 If therefore, O my Royal Sir,
 My first request may purchase her
 Restoring to your Grace, to me
 (Though young) it will an honour be,
 When in my Cradle it was said,
 I Master of Requests was made.

Ja. Shirley.

I Heard it credibly reported by a Person of Quality, that King *Charles* the first, of blessed memory, (the Mirrour of Princes for Piety and Patience) being in his bed in *Christchurch* in *Oxford*, and a Candle burning in the Chamber, as the Order was; the King being awake, (who did meditate much, and sleep little) saw that the Candle was gone out of a sudden; whereupon the King calls to a Great Peer of eminent office, that lodged in the Chamber, and told him the Candle was gone out, and it was so, and all dark; the Lord wondred at it, and said, he would call to have it lighted again; but His Majesty bad him let it alone and take his rest: a good while after the King wakens him again, and shewed him the Candle lighted again of it self. The Lord suspected some Witchcraft; but the King said, *I see I shall suffer detriment, but Charles my Son shall shine again.* And His Majesty commanded the Noble-man not to speak of it whilst the King lived.



*A remarkable strange light seen about the time
of the Kings Martyrdom.*

A Bout the time King *Charles* was hence enspher'd,
A wonderfull strange Light that Mounth appear'd,
Six miles from *Hersford*, where is a Park,
Through which the Owner riding in the dark,

And

And his man with him : from the Earth did rise
A Light that with amazement did surprife
The two Beholders , and in quantity
Like the Moon Orb'd in full Serenity,
And from the ground ascended to the sky,
Which there receiv'd it up immediately.

They were not frighted with the glorious shine,
But home they rid, and told what they had seen.
The name of *Morbampton* the place doth bear,
I'th' Golden Valley , and my Neighbor near.
A person wise and grave, of honesty,
Not to report or speak but verity.

To kill a King is
Deicide, Crifticide, Regicide, Paricide, and Homicide. J. Speed, in his Chron.

Bloud is a Crying fin ; but that of Kings
Cries lowdeft, and to certain ruine brings.

Ja. Howell, in his
Inquisition after bloud.

And till his Murderers come to Juftice hand,
The ftain and fcandal lies on all this Land;
Though thofe that fign'd and feal'd his bleft bloud fpilt,
Yet on the Nation they laid all the guilt.
He was the Common Father of us all :
And Duty bids us loud for juftice call.

Let fome Lords, Priests, Cits, Lawyers, men oth' Blade,
Of all forts fome be now a Victim made.

J. P.

FINIS.